Vol. VIII. Numb. 70

THE OBSERVATOR.

On a Letter from a Gentleman, with a Poem against the Faction, who cry down our late Victory thro' the Kingdom, ascribe the Advantage to the French, *or at most make it but a drawn Battel. On Pawn-Brokers taking more than* 6 per Cent. *from the Poor in this Time of Dearth.*

From **Wednesday**, September 28. to **Saturday**, October 1. 1709.

Country-m. MAster, here's a Letrer to you from a Gentleman in *Surry*, whose Zeal for his Country has inspir'd him with a Satyr against the Faction, who, by *Dyer's News Letters*, and other Methods, forcal Reports thro' the Kingdom, to decry our late Victory, and to make it but a drawn Battel at best. This they do on Purpose to raise Ferments among the People, and to discourage them from paying their Taxes; therefore, Master, I think we had best insert this Satyr, which may serve as a Looking-Glass to the Faction, or at least shew others their Character.

Observ. With all my Heart, *Roger*. I applaud the Gentleman's Zeal; and since People love Change, perhaps they may sometimes have more Regard to Verse, than to the most serious Prose, according to the Divine *Herbert*.

A Verse may hit him, whom a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Country-m. 'Tis by the Author of the Poem on the Defeat of the *French* at the River *Scheld*, *&c.* publish'd by *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-hall*, and is thus, Master:

A POEM on the Defeat of the confederate Army in *No-Land*, by the Lies of the run-away *French* Abroad, and of the *Frenchify'd* seditious Crew at Home.

I, Who ere While sung British *Worth before,*
Now change my Song, and their sad Fate deplore;
Beaten Abroad by Gallick *Lies, not Swords,*
At Home by the weak Faction's fooliſh Words;
Invenom'd Spirits, reſtleſs to deſtroy
Their Country's Glory, or to damp its Joy.
A Brood of Vipers for a ſenſeleſs Cauſe,
The Bowels bred them, rend with venom'd Jaws,
Who, poor deluded Wretches, all would fall,
With their dear Babe's Scarecrows as tragical.
Sunk in the Crowd, if Gallick *Power reign'd,*
Made Sots and Properties, and then diſdain'd.
French *Fawning does Fools eaſily beguile,*
Careſs'd, and flatter'd for their Ends a While;
Which once obtain'd, the Brood degenerate;
They truſt no more, but for their Treachery hate.
Awake, Great Britain's Genius, boldly riſe,
And with thy brighteſt Luſtre ſtrike the Eyes
Of thoſe dim Owls who will not ſee their Good;
A furious, ignorant, unthinking Brood.
Drive them to darkeſt Corners of thy Land,
For darkeſt Deeds they chiefly underſtand;
Or force them out to their lov'd foreign Strand.
There, let their high-wrought Courage, now inſpire
French *trembling Troops with their ſeditious Fire,*
That Britain *from their Monſters may be free,*
Fit only for a Land of Treachery.
Confederate Arms your inflam'd Puſſe will feel,
And breathe a Vein to cure your awkward Zeal;
But there, I doubt, your Tongues ſo active now,
Would be ſtruck dumb before ſo brave a Foe.
Have you not heard it from the Throne and State,
Th' eſtabliſh'd Engliſh *Church no Dangers threat?*
And yet, with mungrel Cries ye yelp aloud,
The Churche's Danger, to amuſe the Crowd.
I ſay ſo too; juſt Cauſe ye have to howl,
Rome's High Church, *much too lofty, down does roll;*
From the Tarpeian *Rock, at laſt muſt fall*
Your Great Diana, *to amuſe ye all.*
The weak Foundation's ſhook, the Towers nod,
Nor you, nor yet himſelf, can ſave the Papal God.
Whilſt Great Britannia's *lawful Church ſhall ſtand*
Unvanquiſh'd, and the under World command,
That Church, I ſay, by divine Laws made ſure,
Longer than Time, for ever muſt endure.
Do ye not bluſh at your detected Lies,
Which ſilly Falſhoods even the Mob deſpiſe?
You cry 'tis a drawn Battel; were you there,
Confed'rate Swords your Ignorance would clear:
But none ſo blind as thoſe who will not ſee,
On ſuch attends a dire Fatality.
Now with your Brother French Te Deum *ſing,*
And in your ſecret Clubs let Io Paans *ring.*
So mock your God, as ye delude Mankind;
Poor Fools, you can no more the Nation blind,
Avenging Juſtice follows cloſe behind.
Not then content, Lewis *the Battel won;*
He does out-do us in the Lie *and* Run,
And you will copy what he has begun.
Your Friends, the French, *like Heroes fought, you ſay,*
Poor Nums, alas! your Folly you betray.
If on their Deeds you ſuch Encomiums raiſe,
How much do you enlarge their Victor's Praiſe
Againſt your Wills? Who beat the fighting French,
And drove the frighted Crowd from Trench to Trench?
From all their Earths the ſculking Foxes fled,
Juſt Swords perfidious Wretches vanquiſhed.
All their Intrenchments, Woods, nor Wiles defend;
Juſtice to thoſe great Dangers ſoon gave End.
Superior Valour a juſt Cauſe inſpires,
And pow'rful Heav'n the Britiſh *Hero fires;*
Mark'd for Deſtruction, the perfidious Crew
From his deſtroying Sword in Squadrons flew.
Whence did French *Hero's mighty Courage flow?*
To Woods and Trenches they their Valour owe.
Beaten from thence, their coward Horſe gave Way,
And baſely left their Foot, the Conqu'ror's Prey;
But yet I know you'd cry, they won the Day.
Can you call that a brave and good Retreat,
Where thouſands fell at the Purſuers Feet?
There was much Honour in't, we'll all allow,
To leave their wounded thouſands to the Foe.
When Armies do retreat in ſo much Haſte,
Can they of Honour, or of Conqueſt boaſt?
But harden'd lying Wretches, who paſt Cure,
The mad Man's Straw, and Chains, and Darkneſs ſhould
To prove their Conqueſts, five times five remain Endure.
Of Dukes and Gen'ral Officers among the Slain;
Twice ten were wounded of the ſame Degree;
Their little Prince could not that Fate foreſee,
With other Princes, who untimely flee.
Thrice ten Braſs Cannon in their Trenches left;
How came a good Retreat of theſe bereft?
Ye thick-ſkull'd Fools, think better ere you broach
Your mangl'd Lies, to your French *Friends Reproach;*
Each Clod ſuch Falſhoods can with Eaſe detect,
Your Characters will find but ſmall Reſpect.
In a ſhort Time you'll out of Faſhion grow,
Tho' tawdry Things oft make the greateſt Show.

Let

Let coward Gauls *lie on, to hide their Fear;*
Shame to all Britains, *who that Fashion bear:*
So Frenchify'd, *their Vices Fashions they,*
Rather than to be out of Fashion, will dissay.
If your rank Friends, you say, the Battel won,
Why do they not the Victory push on?
They fought to rescue Mons; *what cannick Fright*
Their mighty Hands confines, they don't renew the Fight?
Can such great Victors sit with Conquest down,
'Till in their Sight the Vanquish'd take the Town?
Lie on, ye Sots, the World believes you not,
Confed'rate Arms victoriously have fought,
And Bourbon *must expect an After-Reck'ning brought.*
Perfidious Bourbon, *whose base Spirit can*
Perform such Deeds, would shame the meanest Man:
Can send his Minister, of Peace to treat
Impower'd, which sign'd, that nothing might defeat,
And sent to ratify, he does disown,
Nor what his auth'ris'd Minister has done,
Will he allow, thus Tricking; yet he can
Do no base Deed that misbecomes a Man.
Ye English French-*men, what Amuzements now*
Can wipe these Stains from treach'rous Lewis's *Brow?*
Were the Preliminaries hard? I know your Grief,
To see your Bourbon *sink without Relief.*
Would you, as some are Dealers of the Crew,
Having employ'd some trusty Friend you knew
Could purchase Goods, who had a Contract made,
Cry, 'tis too dear the Bargain to evade?
What would the World esteem you, but all Knaves,
He, Bully like, with Tricks the Nations braves?
But now the Reck'ning comes, Lewis *too late,*
Tricking himself, will see his sinking State.
Pity, you say, a falling Monarch: Sure
Le Grand's proud Heart ne'er Pity can endure!
Compassion such, as in his Gallies he
On Protestants bestows religiously,
Where greatest Malefactors, cloath'd and fed,
Are only with their Labour punished.
But in last Winter's biting Cold, 'tis known
What Charity to Protestants was shown:
Nor Cloaths, nor Food, nourish their fainting Hearts,
Bourbon to starving Souls Compassion thus imparts;
So Heaven reward his tyrannous Deserts.
Like Ægypt's Pharaoh *he appears to all,*
Prepar'd and harden'd for destructive Fall.
Bricks without Straw the Israelites *must make,*
Sans, Cloths, or Food, poor Protestants must shake,
In the severest Winter has been known,
Chain'd to his Gallies. ———
You'll pity sure this Monarch's sinking Throne.
Ye Protestants in Masquerade, how dare
You in Affront to righteous Laws declare
'Gainst British *Government your Popish Hearts,*
Secur'd from their just Vengeance by what Arts?
Tho' Mercy, try if Mildness can reclaim,
The Sword once drawn, will your Seditious Name
Raze from the Land with your rebellious Blood,
And from Britannia *drive the Popish Brood.*
Write on, Great Britain's *Friends, nor spare to show*
Amongst our selves the Secret Sculking Foe;
In their true Colours paint the vip'rous Crew;
Hold them a Glass, that they themselves may view,
That sham'd by monst'rous Deeds they may repent,
Th' impending Stroke of Justice to prevent.
Paint them so plain, distinguish'd from the Crowd,
The very Mob may hiss the venom'd Brood.
Brand those with Shame, who would our Throass expose,
With their Posterity to cut-throat Foes;
Who would their all, their native Land betray;
A bloody Victim to tyrannick Sway.

Olf. I believe the Faction will pray heartily, that the Gentleman's Muse may be struck dumb, *Roger.* What other Letter is that in your Hand?

Country-m. 'Tis a very angry one, Master; expostulating with you for reflecting on the Brokers on Saturday last, the Author thinks you were very unjust in censuring them, since they keep People from starving, and merit more than bare Interest, for their Time, Trouble, Ware-houses, Servants, &c.

Olf. The Gentleman has perfectly mistaken what I said, *Roger:* I meant only extortioning Brokers whom he himself condemns; but for their demanding more than bare Interest, I would advise him to consider how it can be defended against 12 *Car.* 2. *Cap.* 13. and whether those who do so, are not subject to the Penalties, for taking more than 5 *per Cent.* which makes all such Bargains void, and the Broker's fineable in 20 *l.* for every such Offence, and liable to Imprisonment for half a Year? I believe there are few mony'd Men, who would not lend at that Rate, on good Security; and since 'tis the general Practice of Pawn-Brokers to have double the Value of what they lend, why should they demand more than legal Interest, especially at such a Time as this? Usury is condemn'd by the Laws of God and the Land. Our Legislature brought Interest down from 12, 10, and 8, to 6 *per Cent.* for the Encouragement of Trade, and I am afraid it must be brought as low as 'tis in *Holland*, viz. to 3 or 2½, if ever we would advance our Trade to as to be on an equal Foot with our Neighbours. But more of these Things another Time, *Roger.*

Advertisements.

This Day is publish'd,

A Collection of miscellaneous Poems. In two Parts. Consisting of all Sorts of Poetry, as Odes, Satyrs, Epistles, Elegies, Epigrams, Pastorals, Dialogues, Prologues, Epilogues, &c. chiefly compos'd by the best Hands, viz. Dr. Garth, Dr. Baynard, Dr. King, Dr. Brown, Capt. Phillips, Capt. Steel, Mr. Rowe, Mr. Smith, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Gildon, Mr. Pittis, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dyke, Mr. Gould, Mr. Hawke, and several other Authors of Eminency. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noster-Row, and J. Woodward in Threadneedle-Street, near the Royal Exchange.

This Day is publish'd,

The true Progress of the Arms of the high Allies, from their first sitting down before Lisle, to the Siege of Mons, wherein is a fuller View of the Sieges of Lisle and Tournay, the Battels of Audenarde, Wynendale, from General Webb's own Memoirs, and the glorious Victory at Malplaquet, near Mons, which has been hitherto made publick. To which is prefix'd, a Plan of the Country where the Sieges were, and the Battels fought; with a general List of the Killed and Wounded at those Battels and Sieges. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noster-Row. Price 1 s.

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The Navy Royal, or a Sea-Cook turn'd Projector, containing a few Thoughts about manning our Supernumerary Men of War with the best of Sailors, without Violences, and in a more pleasing Manner, according to the fourth Article of a late Proposal, publish'd by our worthy Chaplain of her Majesty's Ship the Lyme. By Barnaby Sluth, Cook of the said Ship. Price bd. 1 s. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noster-Row. Where may be had, the Wooden World dissected, by the same Author. Price bound 1 s.

A true Account of the late Scotch Invasion, as it was open'd by my Lord Haversham in the House of Lords on Friday the 25th of February, 1708. with some Observations, that were made in the H---se of C------ns, and the Copies of authentick Papers. In a Letter from a Gentleman in South Britain, to his Friend in North Britain. Price 6d. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noster-Row.

The Scourge of Venus and Mercury, represented in a Treatise of the Venereal Disease; together with an Appendix in answer to Mr. John Marten's Reflexions thereupon. By J. Sinclair, Practitioner in Physick, and Author of the Royal Decoction. Price of the Appendix alone 3 s. 6d, together 5 s. 6d. Sold by J. Helms in Westminster-Hall, Goding at the Mitre in Fleet-street, W. Carter at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's Church-yard, J. Phillips at the Black Boy in Cornhill, H. Ribotteau at the Crown near Cecil-street in the Strand, B. Picard at the 3 Bibles in the Minories, Harding in St. Martins-lane near Long-acre, J. Morphew near Stationers-hall, and by the Author at his Dwelling-house (late the Duke of Leeds's) in high Holborn, over against little Turn-stile.

Just publish'd,

QUACKERY UNMASK'D, being a rational and effectual Answer to Mr. Marten's Treatise of the Venereal Disease, its Appendix and publishing Writs, as appears by the Gazette of the 30th of July (now stands indicted) and the charitable Surgeon. Sold (Price 1 s.) by D. Brown without Temple-Bar, G. Strahan in Cornhill, J. Woodward in St. Christopher's Church-yard, B. Barker in Westminster-Hall Booksellers; and by the Author, Dr. Spinke, at his House, the first Fall in the dark Passage, three Doors beyond the Sun Tavern in Fish-street Lane Market, Cheapside. Where also may be had, ANTI-VENEREAL PILLS, &c (the most powerful Medicines for that Disease known) Price 3 s the Box, with Directions.

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